

HARVARD
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
47
7
THE

TRUMPETER.

A Fable.

Humbly Inscrib'd to the Lower House

OF

CONVOCATION.

— *Quo non præstantior alter*
Ære ciere Viros, Martemq; accendere cantu.
Virg. Æn.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. BAKER at the Black-Boy in Pater-
Noster-Row. 1710.

15476.130

Harvard College Library

May 7, 1912.

Gift of

Charles Jackson
of Boston

TRUMPETER

A Fable

Handwritten inscription to the Library

TO

CONVOCA TION

Two copies of the

And one copy of the

J. O. W. D. W.

Presented for J. B. A. R. at the Harvard Library
J. O. W. D. W.

The Trumpeter.

A FABLE.

IN days of yore, when old Folks tell us,
 The World was full of honest Fellows;
 When Priest and People were agreed,
 And *one* believ'd, what *t'other* said:
 In other Words, some time ago,
 When things were just as they are now,
 And whatsoe'er our Grandsires say,
 The World rub'd on the self same way:
 When Courtiers squeak'd, the Priest cry'd Treason,
 Faith was a different thing from Reason,
 All Just resistance, grew Damnation,
 And none but Slaves cou'd claim Salvation;
 Till Pulpit Tales, and Court Alarms,
 Made Fools, and Madmen take up Arms.

In these good Times of Fire and Sword,
 When Blood and Slaughter was the Word,
 One day by Chance it so fell out,
 As things by Chance, oft come about,
 Two Parties met, fell tightly to't;
 Warmly engag'd in *that* dispute,
 Where Strength of reason both sides own,
 And he's convinc'd who's first knock't down.

Whilst they were at it Hand to Fist,
 A *Trumpeter* amongst the rest,

Was mighty busy, (in his way,)
To gain the honour of the Day.

His *Trumpet* was both loud and shrill,
His Lungs were, equal to his skill,
But then his *Courage* was far more,
Than *Trumpeter* e'er had before.
Able in Hand as well as Heart,
He scorn'd to Act a common Part;
(Like Vulgar *Trumpeters*, to blow
Only the Charge perhaps, or so,)
But when he took his *Trumpet* down,
Huzza'd and led his Party on;
His able *Sorrel* spur'd about,
Both *Trumpeter* at once and Scout,
He clap'd his Hands, and cry'd halloo
In short did all that Man cou'd do,
Who wou'd contempt of Life express,
To live Immortal in a Verse.

In vain the unhappy do their best
For who alas! can Fate resist.
He thought he led a Party on,
But look'd behind — and all were gone.

Dear Muse, was ever Place so fit,
For Poet to display his Wit,
In deep Soliloquy to paint,
The Resignation of a Saint;
Who having for the public good,
Spent Sweat, as much as some do Blood,
When now he thought the Palm was won,
Sees all his hopes at once undone.

Ye Silent Trees, and senceless Stones,
Who hear'd th' afflicted Patriots groans;
Witness! that this our humble Song
At least has done his Speech no wrong,

Poeta. Log.

Since

Since we, (who easily cou'd do't)
Have rather chose to make him mute.

The Foe advanc'd, was now come nigh,
Whilst He, who thought it mean to fly.
Unmoveable, and fearless stood,
As if the Horse or Man were Wood.
So *Cocles*, erst the darling Name,
Of *Rome's* first Sons and early Fame;
When all his Country Men were beat,
Alone, cou'd cover their retreat,
Singly oppos'd the Victors way,
And kept an Army at the bay.

Our Heroe thus left all alone,
Stood odds far more than Ten to one,
Yet bravely still his Trumpet blows,
And to their Teeth defys his Foes.

Numbers (quoth he,) shan't make me yield
The Glory, I have won in field;
See here, my *Trumpet*, and my Coat,
These things were always Sacred thought.
In Marshal Law, we *Trumpets* stand,
Embassadours at second Hand;
Embassadours, you know are things,
Sacred as are their very Kings:
Whence, to an *Academic* Ear
From *Logic* rules I prove it clear,
That if by Sacrilegious Force,
You set on Me, or whip my Horse,
You in *our* Persons, (think upon't)
Both *Kings* and *Trumpeters* affront.

The Law of Nations lyes at stake,
Which you tho' Victors must not break;
Yet shou'd you be so over bold,
To grasp at what you dare not hold;

Despise,

Despise, the Majesty of Kings,
 And *Trumpets* Treat like *Common things*;
 Tho' I may now defenceless seem,
 Your Scorn more likely than Esteem,
 There's *Those* amongst us you shall find,
 Spight of your Teeth will speak their mind,
 And let me once that *Power* see
 That dare oppose, what *They* decree.

Thus as the danger drew more near
 The farther still he seem'd from fear,
 Fully resolv'd to die a *Martyr*,
 But upon second thoughts, cry'd *Quarter*,
Quarter, (quoth he,) and Reason Good,
 For, first, I am no Man of Blood:
 Next, pray my harmless *Trumpet* spare,
 For I no other weapon bear.

And now, pray take it on my Word,
 As it is mean to draw your Sword,
 Where there's no Armour of defence,
 But that weak Guard call'd *Innocence*,
 'Tis much more base, his blood to spill
 Who never did you any ill,
 And who amongst you is there found,
 That saw me give or take a wound?

Besides, my Principles will prove,
 I'm Innocent as any Dove,
 Kick me, or Pinch me, what you will,
 For my Part, I am *Passive* still,
 A Worm when Trod upon will Turn,
 I only turn aside, and Mourn.

Thirdly, I can't imagine why
 You take me for your Enemy;
 'Tis true I came in herd with *those*,
 Whom you are pleas'd to call your Foes,

And

And might perhaps my *Trumpet* blow,
 Does that convict me? *I say no,*
 Let him who thinks himself most knowing,
 Assign the Evil, in so doing;
 'Twas to encourage *those* you say
 Who came against you, *I say nay,*
 Pray, whom, when I my *Trumpet* blew,
 Did I encourage more than *you*?

Lastly, I'll undertake to prove
 That what I did was out of Love,
 Believ't, meer bowels of Compassion,
 To spare your Lives. and save the Nation:
 Why did I blow? but out of fear
 You shou'd not know your Danger near?

In fine, to close up all I've said,
 Good Folks, my *Trumpet* is my Bread:
 If you break that; e'en break my Head.

To this fine Speech a Stander by,
 In merry Mood made like Reply:
 Quoth he, Your Tale was something *long*,
 But not to do your Learning wrong;
 So wondrous Eloquent and witty
 To cut it shorter had been Pity.

Trumpets you say are sacred Things,
 As Sceptres in the Hands of Kings,
 And you who bear one as secure
 From all Attempts of Civil Power.
 'Tis Sacrilege to strike or wound
 For where *You* stand is *Holy* Ground.

This is the Foot you wou'd be on,
 But 'tis by this you are undone,
 For since of both sides we agree,
 You *Trumpeters* from Danger free;

What

What Punishment can be so great
 But you deserve a harder Fate;
 Who can't enjoy that ease we give,
 As long as we in ease do live.
 You like some fiend *broke* out of Hell,
 Who doubly damn'd to see us well:
 In mischief place your sole delight;
 Nor blow your Trumpet but in *Spight*;
 To propagate your groundless fears,
 Abuse the State, and Peoples Ears;
 Till madded by your hell Taught Notes,
 We Tear out one another's Throats.

M O R A L.

*Now how the Trumpeter came off,
 With Head and Trumpet broke, or no;
 Whether he ought to cry or laugh
 Æsop nor I at present know.*

F I N I S.